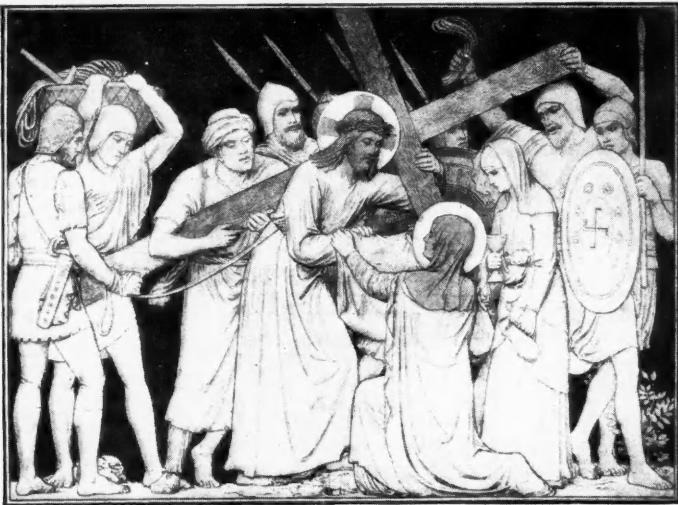


THE FIELD AFAR



MARYKNOLL



VERONICA WIPES THE FACE OF JESUS

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MARCH

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.
(LEGAL TITLE)

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(MARYKNOLL)

Approved by the National Council of Archbishops, Washington, D. C., April 27, 1911. Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1911. Decree of Praise, June 14, 1915.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of the Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

The Society was founded for the immediate purpose of training Catholic missionaries for the heathen and of arousing American Catholics to a sense of their apostolic duty. Its ultimate aim is the development of a native clergy in lands now pagan.

The priests of the Society are secular, without vows. They are assisted by auxiliary brothers and by the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, more commonly known as "Maryknoll Sisters."

IN THE UNITED STATES.

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The general management of the Society and the publication of its two periodicals, *The Field Afar* and *The Maryknoll Junior*, are carried on at this center.

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THE VATICAN MISSION EXPOSITION

(See the back cover)



The Very Reverend James A. Walsh, M. A.

Superior-General of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America



THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1926



THE FATHER OF MARYKNOLL

PIONEER IN THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION MOVEMENT

READERS of THE FIELD AFAR are to a great extent familiar with Maryknoll and its Father; but unless they have come into direct contact with him, they must often conjecture about the personality inspiriting THE FIELD AFAR and animating Maryknoll.

And now when Fr. Walsh is away on his third visitation of the Maryknoll Missions in China and Korea, after presenting to His Holiness in Rome the report of Maryknoll's progress, we who are holding the fort against his return are taking advantage of this opportunity to make him better known to you.

Fr. Walsh has been, practically speaking, the Father of the American Catholic missionary movement which in our day has attained so marvelous a growth. His natural gifts as musician, as writer, and as art critic were all made to subserve the one great passion of his life—to bring to God souls who had not even heard the Master's Name. He was one of the pioneers in the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in this country and did much to place Boston in its premier position among American Propagation of the Faith circles. He has translated and made popular the lives of many mission heroes, so well known to our readers, and all with one end in view—to make known to American Catholics the possibilities of the foreign mission movement and to enlist their sympathies for the cause.

Fr. Walsh realized that America would never do its part in Catholic mission enterprise until American Catholics sent their own representative sons and daughters to foreign fields of service and martyrdom. Since efforts to in-

duce European societies to train American youth were found fruitless, he worked tirelessly to arouse a recognition of this great need among members of hierarchy of the American Church. The fruition of his hopes came after that God-directed meeting with Fr. Price, at America's First Eucharistic Congress, in 1910, where these two clear-visioned priests, so different in training and natural accomplishments, formulated plans for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America—plans which were endorsed that same year by the American hierarchy in council at Washington.

Fifteen years have passed since that memorable day in Montreal. Then there was but a scattered handful of American Catholics in foreign mission work. Now, from Maryknoll alone, there are in the foreign field forty-eight priests, six Brothers, and thirty-nine Sisters.

Then, the very idea that Americans would make good missionaries was openly scoffed. Today six distinct Maryknoll mission vicariates are in the making, all under the direction of vigorous young Maryknoll-trained Americans, who have already proved by their actual experiences and successes on the field afar that they are worthy successors of their older European colleagues who have so willingly confided their fields of labor to these young shoulders.

Fr. Walsh's is a magnetic personality. His quick, searching glance invites rather than repels confidence; his gracious manner places everyone at ease; his keen,

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delicate sense of humor, and lively interest in the world at large and every littlest thing touching the Church, make him loved by all who know him. His rare executive ability is surpassed only by the fine spiritual qualities which mark him as preëminently a man of God, a living example of a truly priestly priest, exact with himself, tender toward others, referring every success to God, every failure to himself, and relying on the bounty of his heavenly Father with the trustful simplicity of a child.

Although he does the work of five busy men—priest, editor, financier, architect, and builder—he has always time to lend a sympathetic ear to the troubles of others and to give helpful advice. In a word, he is so great that he strives to become all things to all men; so close to the Master that he can forget personal interests; so self-effacing that he will frown as he reads these lines.

And now as we look out upon this glorious year of Our Lord before us, and vision the great family of five hundred consecrated toilers looking to this Father for guidance: the massive Seminary struggling toward completion; one of the Preparatory Colleges, though handicapped by building problems, straining to supply fit material for the Major Seminary, and the Los Altos College just begun—when we see all this, we feel impelled to beg, yes, even to importune the readers of THE FIELD AFAR to implore the Holy Spirit to spare this vigorous, courageous, trusting servant for many another blessed year, that he may continue to struggle and achieve for the greater honor and glory of God.

SCHOOLS ARE A VITAL NEED ON THE MISSIONS

KONGMOON

THE YEAR'S WORK IN MARYKNOLL'S PREFECTURE

THE most recent annual report of the Prefecture Apostolic of Kongmoon, covering a period from August 15, 1924, to August 15, 1925, gives evidence of steady progress throughout the mission.

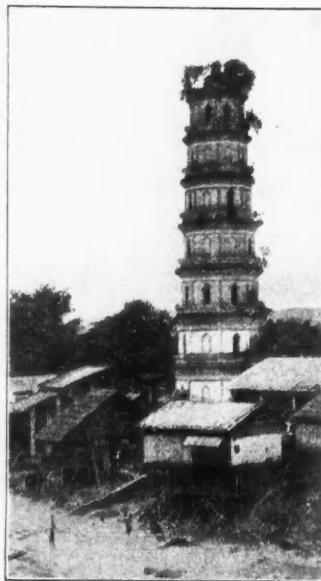
The attempt to build a Preparatory Seminary in the city of Kongmoon is especially to be noted. "By the end of the year, this Seminary will be opened—all obstacles notwithstanding," writes Monsignor Walsh, "and twenty seminarists will have entered upon the course of studies. This work is so important that we have determined to begin at any price."

During the year, the district of Chikkai, hitherto without a priest, was staffed. All the districts where there are baptized Christians now have missionaries.

Realizing the necessity of laying solid foundations, the Maryknoll missionaries have stressed the development of good primary schools, which also afford an opportunity to learn Catholic doctrine. The middle school of the Sacred Heart in Kochow has many pupils and its reputation is widespread in the district of Kochow. The secondary schools for girls at Yeungkong and Loting, conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters, are, as yet, small, but their development promises well for the future.

Corporal works of mercy in the three dispensaries have borne abundant fruits of good will toward the mission. At Kochow, where Bro. John has held the fort, the dispensary has made such a favorable impression that the Chinese daily beg the Maryknollers to open a hospital. This will be done whenever sufficient funds are available.

The labors of our missionaries were interrupted, during the summer of 1925, by the outbreak of Bolshevism in South China. Monsignor Walsh does not fear that the Chinese people will embrace a doctrine so foreign to all their



ABOVE THE SKY LINE

modes of thought. But the Chinese masses are supremely indifferent to the political affairs of the nation, and this indifference makes it easy for a few fanatics to assume temporal control. In this event, Monsignor Walsh foresees a twofold danger:

1. That the Communists may enact laws endangering the rights of the Church.
2. That the missionaries may be expelled.

The report ends with an appeal asking all the friends of the Chinese to beseech the Omnipotent God that "moved by mercy, He may lead His dearly beloved Chinese from their strife to the paths of peace and order."

(These statistics given below concern only the Prefecture Apostolic of Kongmoon and do not include the personnel, and so forth, in the other three Maryknoll Missions of China.)

POPULATION

Catholics	6,489
Heretics and Schismatics, about	10,000
Pagans	6,000,000

PIOUS ASSOCIATIONS

The Society of the Happy Death.
The Confraternity of the Scapular.

PERSONNEL

American Missionaries—	
Priests	20
Brothers	2
Sisters	12
Students—	
Preparatory Seminary	15
Minor Seminary	10
Major Seminary	1
Catechists—	
Men	60
Women	30

ADMINISTRATION

Baptisms—	
Adults	414
Adults in articulo mortis	26
Children of Christians	22
Children in articulo mortis	853
Confessions—	
Annual	2,980
Of devotion	16,236
Communions—	
Annual	2,670
Of devotion	49,972
Extreme Unctions	52
Marriages blessed	42
Deaths—	
Adults	63
Children	28
Stations where missions were preached	97

ESTABLISHMENTS

Districts staffed	10
Stations	183
Churches (public)	10
Chapels (resident)	10
Chapels (non-resident)	183
Cemeteries	1
Orphanages (28 girls)	2
Infant Asylums (237 babies)	2
Infants boarded in Christian families (25)	
Home for aged (24 women)	1
Dispensaries (7,460 cases treated)	3

SCHOOLS

Lower (For Catholics only)—	
767 boys	22
90 girls	10
Higher (For Catholics only)—	
150 boys	1
40 girls	2
Mixed—	
60 Catholics, 80 Non-Catholics	2

If you are interested in the little convent at home and wish to make that religious family very happy, write to Maryknoll asking for information about the Group Perpetual.



MAKING HASTE WHILE THE SUN SHINES

The Sisters used well every moment of the tedious trip from Loting

Tungchen

FR. TAGGART expresses his joy at getting back to Tungchen:

I have returned to Tungchen, and, up to the present, find everything pretty much as I left it. The section is disturbed, but it is always in that condition; and if we were to stop our work just because things looked bad, we might just as well pack up and go home.

Fr. Ashness is to be with me this year. Fr. Ruppert is to go to Chekkai, when that mission is opened. I am sorry to lose Fr. Ruppert; he was just getting used to the Christians and they were beginning to know him.

I am happy to be back at Tungchen. The way my Chinese behaved themselves and looked after the mission property in my absence is a credit to them. I had several living in the house, and there was not a pin missing from my room. Many other things were so well managed that I have discovered I have quite a bit of money to my credit.

God blessed us last year; I was able to report one hundred and thirty-eight adult baptisms. If things continue as they are, it will be even better next year.

Loting

FR. TOOMEY, in a recent letter, makes mention of conditions in Loting. He writes:

Just as in former years, this date

finds China, or at least the Loting part of it, still in a state of war. Just now the city is again under control of the *Hok Shaang Kwan* or that section of the Red Army commanded by the Wampa Cadets of Canton. Last week, at this time, a general held Loting for the so-called anti-Reds. What color Loting will sport next, no one can tell. Just now changes are taking place with such frequency that it's difficult to keep pace.

Schoolboy demonstrations still continue. Yesterday there was a parade, but not many schools participated in this procession which purported to foster Bolshevik sentiments. In the demonstration two weeks ago, the Middle School was vividly Red, but yesterday this school was conspicuous for its absence, as was also the Presbyterian Girls' School which participated on former occasions.

The Sisters' School, of course, is not functioning, and our boys' school, with less than twenty youngsters, has class only spasmodically. Possibly some of our students paraded yesterday, but, if they did, it was not as representatives of Saint Joseph and Holy Ghost Schools.

While not openly hostile, we have remarked that many people who formerly were kindly disposed towards us are now rather unfriendly. Fortunately, thus far, we have not been molested personally in any way. We are keeping off the streets to avoid trouble.

Doctor Dickson, our Protestant neighbor, who has to go out on sick calls, has been made to feel extremely uncomfortable in several instances. Strange to say, it was some of the would-be anti-Reds from the remnant of the Kochow army that caused him much concern.

Here on the compound our own few retainers are very loyal.

With all this civil strife and anti-foreign sentiment, I haven't noticed much change in the number of abandoned babies that are being entrusted to us. In my three years here, I have baptized over six hundred of these waifs. Were it not for this consolation, for I know that some good is being done, our work here in Loting would be very discouraging or disappointing, I should say.

I meant to make this a cheerful letter, but I see I have rambled off into war talk again. Such a turn of affa's doesn't surprise me, though, for, since our return, we three—and sometimes Doctor Dickson—have talked war continually "and nothing else but."



RESCUED WAIFS

"In my three years here," writes the Loting curate, "I have baptized six hundred of these."

St. Francis Xavier's Feast in Rome

By the Rev. J. J. Considine, A. F. M.

ROME, men say, to those who have eyes to see, wears on black, starry nights an aureola of the mystic white light of glory, a gift from on high to honor the blood it has soaked of countless martyrs and the footsteps it has borne of unnumbered mighty saints.

Missionaries here have been thinking of one among the mightiest. Four hundred years ago this year, St. Francis Xavier left his castle in Spain and went to Paris. He was a gay college boy of nineteen, and lived as such until four years later when St. Ignatius took a room in the same lodgings he occupied, and, in spare time, spoke of his prospective company of missionaries. First a companion of Xavier, Favre, and then Francis himself volunteered as candidates. They were the first prospective Jesuits in the world.

The evening preceding the saint's feast, I knelt in the church of S. Lorenzo in Damaso. Before a pilaster near by stood a statue of St. Francis Xavier, erected to commemorate the

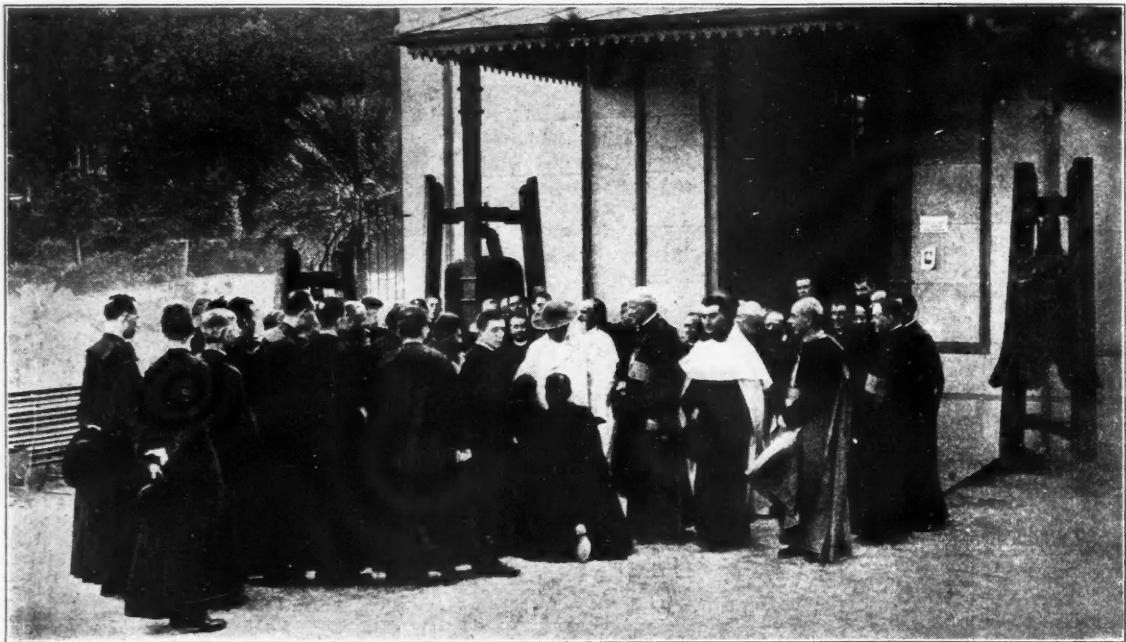
fact that in this church, nine years after meeting St. Ignatius and a year after ordination with him in northern Italy, the future apostle of the Indies began his ministry in Rome by preaching a series of Lenten sermons with his companion in Paris, Favre. The next morning, as every other morning, I said Mass in the church of St. Louis of the French, and, after Mass, knelt for thanksgiving beneath the pulpit where, during this year of 1538, St. Francis preached several times.

The first home of the Jesuits in Rome was a house loaned to St. Ignatius, which stood in the Pincio, now Rome's great parkway, near the present Trinita dei Monti, church of the Madames of the Sacred Heart. There were not, in those days, the famous stairs from the Piazza di Spagna; instead, a country road wound up the hill, one of the best sites from which to look out on Rome. If one wants to dream a bit, one can imagine St. Ignatius and

St. Francis standing in the Pincio, gazing over at St. Peter's across the city, chatting in the evenings on the progress in the plans for the approval of the Society of Jesus, not yet existent.

In September, 1539, the approval came; but shortly after came also the earnest appeal of John III, King of Portugal, that St. Francis be sent to his realms in the Indies. The group of pioneers had moved now to another house not far from the present Gesù, and it was from here that Xavier took leave of St. Ignatius on March 16, 1540.

A tapestry in the Hall of History at the Vatican Exposition portrays this scene of parting. Naturally enough, the mission exhibition is the place par excellence, this year, for finding mementos of the saint. For the feast, palm leaves of victory decorate his statue commanding the center of the India halls, evidence of the loving pride of the missionary attendants. In the Hall of India, in the Hall of History, and in the Hall of Heroes are groups of objects which, if brought together, would make an extraordinary collection of Xavieriana. There are charts



BEFORE THE VATICAN MISSION EXPOSITION CLOSED

The Holy Father greeted missionaries connected with the various exhibits. The two Maryknollers are at the end of the line

of his journeys, photographic copies of his letters, and numerous relics, including one of his sandals, a breviary, and a flask he used while traveling in India.

Far off in the China Hall is the Maryknoll exhibit, in which one screen is devoted to Sancian Island, with photographs of the present day memorial marking the spot where ended those ten marvelous years—from May 6, 1542, when he landed in India, till December 2, 1552, when he died, his eyes set on China.

St. Francis was the first missioner to enter within the limits of Kwangtung. Four years later, another followed and reached Canton, but it was thirty years before Xavier's fellow Jesuit, Matteo Ricci, the real founder of China's Christianity, passed through Canton on his way to the court of the emperor, diplomatic letters to which St. Francis bore when he died.

Sancian has not changed much since Xavier's day apparently. Reports to Rome recently say that Maryknoll's two priests there were captured by bandits—a suggestion of retrogression, though Francis by no means found the natives hospitable.

Perhaps few on the island remember their illustrious visitor on his feast. In India, however, in old Goa, where the shrine and tomb of St. Francis is the most beautiful vestige of what was once a magnificent city, many knelt by the miraculously intact remains. It was from this city that, in 1614, at the command of the Jesuit General Acquaviva, the right arm of the apostle, desired for the great shrine in Rome, was solemnly transported.

This brings us back to the Eternal City. One of the most frequented sacred edifices here on March 12 is the Gesù, Jesuit Church of the Holy Name. On the evening of that day, I walked amid its treasures of marble, bronze, and fresco and noted carefully how the feast of St. Francis is kept in Rome.

The altar of St. Ignatius is said to be the finest altar in Rome. Opposite it is St. Francis Xavier's, with the right arm, charred by time, set high in a resplendent theca.

An unceasing stream of Romans



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER PREACHING

This painting hangs above the organ in the Church of the Gesù, Rome

came and went this evening of the feast, and I joined them for a while at the kneeling rail. Niches and shadowy arches were plenty; so I withdrew into one, and, away from the flare of lights, watched the visitors. There were men and women, youths and maidens, well dressed and shabby, the greater part employees in the city's center, on their way home—visiting shrines is clearly a part of the Roman life. There was the light patter of shoe leather on the precious stone floor, but no other sound. Singly, in couples, in groups they came, took their place and many drew out their beads. Set faces told of minds preoccupied in prayer. More things were done by Xavier that day than this world dreams of.

How many thought to follow Francis to the Indies? A young nun gazed up

so yearningly at the relic and prayed with so complete abandon that I felt like an eavesdropper. She may have been asking this grace. A number of returned missioners, perhaps from far separated fields, appeared toward the day's end, to be on hand for the sermon and Benediction which drew a crowded church. A mission bishop also came and knelt at the altar rail.

There was nothing of the popularly conceived notions of piety about these men. They were grizzled veterans from whom long years of prosaic daily grind had rubbed off all the ornaments of sentiment. It is safe to say, however, that those lips masked by the great gray beards, set just a little tighter as here in the heart of Christendom each knelt before the patron of missioners and breathed, "Francis, keep burning my flame of consecration."

THE THREE NEW MISSIONS OF 1925

MARYKNOLL PIONEERS IN THESE NEW FIELDS NEED THE PRAYERS AND FINANCIAL BACKING OF CATHOLICS IN THE HOMELAND



A Manchurian Bishop and His Seminarians

ANTUNG IN MANCHURIA

ANTUNG, THE CENTER OF MARYKNOLL-IN-MANCHURIA, IS JUST ACROSS THE YALU RIVER FROM OUR MISSION IN KOREA. THERE IS A MINGLING OF MANCHUS, CHINESE, JAPANESE, AND KOREANS IN ANTUNG, BUT THE CHINESE OUTNUMBER ALL THE OTHERS. THE CLIMATE IS DRY AND BRACING. ROLLING FIELDS OF WHEAT AND SORGHUM REPLACE THE RICE PADIES OF SOUTH CHINA.



Hakka Belles



Wuchow, the City of No Conversions

A STUBBORN FIELD

WUCHOW, THE CENTER OF THE NEWLY-ESTABLISHED MISSION IN KWANGSI PROVINCE, IS AN IMPORTANT TREATY PORT ON THE WEST RIVER. THE FRENCH MISSIONERS HAVE LABORED THERE FOR OVER FORTY YEARS, BUT THE CITY ITSELF IS STILL WITHOUT A SINGLE CATHOLIC. KWANGSI IS THINLY POPULATED AND UNFERTILE. THIS MISSION IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT IN ALL CHINA.

A Promising Field—Hakka

By the Rev. F. X. Ford, A. F. M.

I AM glad our first greetings from Kaying leave here on a Maryknoll feast day. We arrived on another, that of St. Francis of Assisi, but began immediately a tour of the whole mission, as it is uncertain how long the present missionaries can stay with us.

To date, we have seen four stations: Chung Kian (consisting of three shops, two stories high), which was bought for eleven thousand dollars (Hongkong); Chan Ping (consisting of several houses and a very large church), estimated conservatively at about fifty thousand (Hongkong); another small station (chapel and rooms for priest and school), worth about three thousand; and Kaying, where we are staying (residence and chapel), worth about seven thousand. We leave tomorrow to see several major missions.

A pleasant and delicate feature of our taking over this mission is that we have been considered as confreres; that is, everything has been left in its place, undisturbed, which means that we take over very well furnished houses, including bedclothes and tableware. All we have to do is to light a match in the kitchen and a lamp in the dining room, and begin to eat.

It is hard to realize how much vexatious buying and planning we have been spared. Even the books and clothing of the former pastors (both died recently) are still here. The stations we have not yet seen are better than Kaying, though not as well set up as Chan Ping; so that our lot is cast in very pleasant quarters. The Lord always fits the burden to the back!

Our problems are these: staffing the stations and preparing for the Sisters.

In this mission we have as many Catholics as in Kongmoon and Wu-chow, about six or seven thousand, grouped in five principal mission stations. This means that for two or three years, we shall be busy simply taking care of our present Catholics. Even with Frs. Downs and Malone, we shall be but four; if we had one more, preferably two, early in 1926 rather than in the fall, it would put us on our feet.

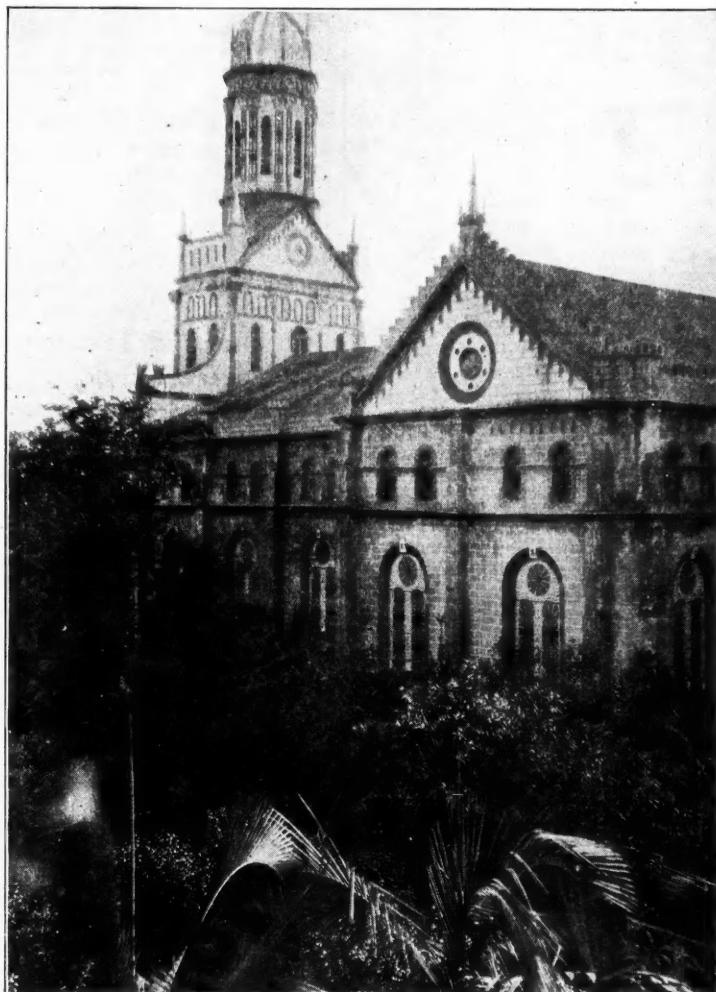
Ours are third and fourth generation Christians, and marriages and extreme

unctions are more common among them than with new converts. We have five students beginning Latin, to start with, and schools already established. In fact, it is a different proposition from our beginnings in the Kongmoon mission. We, of course, shall initiate nothing for many moons to come, but we have to take over what was running before we came.

The only new venture we should like to see through is the introduction of the Sisters as soon as possible. Most of our Catholics here are women. The men, of course, are baptized, too, but

they emigrate to Singapore and Borneo and elsewhere, and leave the women at home, so that the Sisters here will have more parochial work, in some ways, than we have.

In the mission station, where we wish to put the first convent, there are about four hundred Catholic women right around the church. The place is similar to the Jesuit reductions; the pastor negotiated for a large section of a valley which he later sold to Catholics who grouped themselves around the church. It will probably always remain one of our largest stations.



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT CHAO CHO (HAKKA DISTRICT)
Native Christians contributed toward the erection of this spacious church

THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1926

We shall put our new men here to study the language, principally because the residence has plenty of room for them. They will get the right introduction into handling a mission and will have enough spiritual activities to drive away the blues.

A remarkable feature of the Hakka mission is that we shall have no chapel or residence building problems for the next five years, except that of convents and a center. Possibly in all our stations, the schools will have to be enlarged eventually; but here we have only the main station school as a problem. We have no village schools, nor do we need them, as the pupils can come to the various centers as boarders.

As old Catholics are fairly well off, they have been trained to pay tuition and contribute a little to the support of the church; so our upkeep should be easily handled. Our proposition will be somewhat that of *Extension's*. Our Christians will build (or have built) whatever churches and priests residences we need; they will support our schools; but they cannot stand the whole cost of building schools or convents.

We have not figured yet an estimate on the cost of the center, as we are only gradually learning the local prices; and, at any rate, the question of a center can easily wait another year or possibly two. Besides, the present unwillingness of the Chinese government to recognize foreign land-deals in China, cautions us to move slowly in buying property.

The possibility of the bishop taking out his men at an early date from this section, thereby requiring us to live alone at the different stations, should not make you uneasy. All our mission stations are within a day's trip of one another, as they are situated in the valley of the Mui River (Wild Plum), although each stretches out into the mountains for its parish limits. We have hopes, however, that he will leave with us the two native priests now here, for at least a year.

OF LASTING VALUE for Easter remembrances—the Maryknoll Books. See pages 83 and cover.

WE EMPLOY

(From Fr. Drought)

Fr. Ford is writing to you apropos of the conditions in the new Maryknoll Mission. Both of us feel that the people here are of a much finer class than those of the Kongmoon Mission. Certainly they are better educated, and the Catholics are for the most part old Catholics, who have held on to the faith because they love it.

Economically, the country is fairly rich; in a few years it should be prosperous through coal and copper mining and the dyeing industries. Some of the Catholics already have a little wealth.

GREETED

By

One Hundred Thousand

may be a headline in a near issue of *The Field Afar*. It depends on you!

If you send in the name of a new subscriber **now**, Fr. Walsh, on his return from the Orient, in April, will be greeted by **One Hundred Thousand New Friends**

One of these, an owner of a rubber plantation in the Straits, offered his girl for the sisterhood. Another, a land owner in Kaying, presented our first vocation to the priesthood, in the person of his second eldest son, one of the finest boys I have ever met. The boy was already engaged for marriage, but yesterday, at Chenpin, Fr. Ford consulted the father of the girl, who repudiated the contract at a real sacrifice, saying: "Well, I know my duty as a Catholic. If the boy has a vocation, I cannot do otherwise."

The welcome given us by the people has always taken the form of thanksgiving to God. They want priests to instruct them and to administer the sacraments; they want schools to prepare their children for the growing and imminent struggles to maintain their faith.

We have suffered no hardships and both of us are in good health.

OUR READERS SAY.

Long life to *THE FIELD AFAR*!—*Mo.*

A fine antidote for the blues.—*Md.*

It is the most interesting of magazines.—*Pa.*

THE FIELD AFAR grows better all the time.—*Calif.*

I had no intention of becoming a quitter.—*Fla.*

I wouldn't be without the magazine for the world.—*Mass.*

It's the only magazine I read from cover to cover.—*N. Y.*

I shall recommend *THE FIELD AFAR* as long as I live.—*N. Y.*

I have fined myself \$1 for being tardy in renewing.—*N. Y.*

THE FIELD AFAR is educational as well as deeply interesting.—*Pa.*

Your pictures are interesting. They add so much to the paper.—*Mass.*

It is an extraordinary magazine, heart-lifting and soul-inspiring.—*Mass.*

Enclosed is to buy a new stencil and to give the old one a decent burial.—*N. Y.*

I should feel as lost without that magazine as without my morning newspaper.—*N. Y.*

Drag that stencil of mine back from the dead and send me my *FIELD AFAR*. Have no fear that I shall ever fail to renew.—*N. Y.*

The subscription price is certainly tempting, considering the fact that the magazine is worth ten times the amount asked.—*R. I.*

I believe that I am in arrears a few months for *THE FIELD AFAR*. I think the safest course is to be a life subscriber—check for \$50 you will find enclosed.—*Rev. Friend, Mass.*

I would give up all other magazines before *THE FIELD AFAR*. I am always a better priest after reading it. May God continue to bless and prosper your work so peculiarly His!—*Rev. Friend, Mo.*

I passed on my last *FIELD AFAR* to a friend before I had a chance to read it. I trust that you can send me another copy since I should miss not reading every number of your intensely entertaining and splendid magazine.—*N. Y.*

NO

PROFESSIONAL

AGENTS

The Maryknoll Sisters' Page

Monthly Message from the Convent of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic

SOME first fruits of our new industrial center in Korea have only recently reached the home base, and very attractive they are.

Pongee rompers, gay with embroidered symbols of long life and happiness, or royal animals in conventional design, the daintiest of kimonos for some little fairy, and a fine variety of coarse grass-linen tea and luncheon sets ornamented with oriental flowers tumbled out of the package at its opening.

We shall be glad to show these to you at the New York Procuré and we know that you will like them and want some too.

The opening of this industrial work in Korea has meant real struggle, even privation for our Korean Sisters. The investment in raw materials and the payment of workers ate up quickly every available bit of cash. And this period of want will go on until some returns go to them.

Do we need say more to you to enlist your support of America's own foreign mission Sisters?

Similar work goes on, too, in the China missions, for it is our

hope and aim to make every mission self-supporting, and to use the alms that come to open new centers.

A welcome and honored guest —on the day of the great blizzard at that—was Miss Katherine M. Rosney, National Secretary of the Catholic Daughters of America. With her was Mrs. Tynan, New York State Secretary.

Miss Rosney came to talk over the method of distributing our mite boxes to the Catholic Daughters, following up the resolution passed at the National Convention in San Francisco last July.

We were deeply touched by Miss Rosney's unaffected interest in our welfare and in admiration of her fine, practical, business sense. One feels in her presence the warmth of the sisterly charity that characterizes the Catholic Daughters as a body.

We were glad to have the opportunity to show Miss Rosney the congested quarters of the Sisters, and she went convinced by the seeing of our very real need of a Mother-House.

Oriental summer vestments have proved their worth.

They are light in weight, dignified, durable, and reasonably priced.

The proceeds from the sale of these vestments are devoted entirely to the mission work of our Sisters.

BERNADETTE OF LOURDES

In the May issue of THE FIELD AFAR, some years ago, appeared the following note:

"Have you read the story of *Bernadette of Lourdes*? This account of a very attractive life is affirmed to be the most authentic of all which have appeared and we are pleased to say that it has been brought out by 'one of ours,' whose name the angels know."

The book was the only authorized life in English. It was well received and sales were many, partly due to the popularity of the little Bernadette and partly to the exertions of that "one of ours" who brought it out, the saintly and beloved Father Price of Maryknoll.

For several years we have been obliged to refuse orders because the book was out of print. But a small lot, overlooked in storage, enables us now to offer the following:

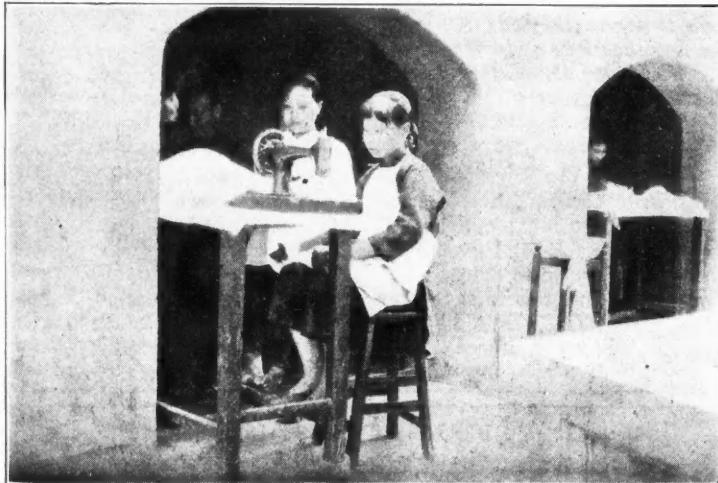
1. A few really beautiful volumes, at \$3.00, postpaid. 14 hand-printed photogravure illustrations, gold top, and blue cloth binding with white and pure gold stamping. They are worth much more than the price asked: \$3.00, postpaid.

2. Others in a less expensive, but very good, edition, \$2.00, postpaid. The paper is excellent, the binding is blue cloth richly stamped in dark blue and gold. There are 14 half-tone illustrations and 263 pages of text.

Books sent postpaid.

Address:

The Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll, N.Y.



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Our only sewing machine

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ARE

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BEST

AGENTS

THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1926

THE FIELD AFAR

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Subscription for life.....\$50.00
(Membership in the Society is included
with all subscriptions.)

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ON a certain public building in Europe is the motto: "It is later than you think."

Now is the time to climb back to the road of grace. During Lent, the paths of penance and contrition are easy to follow. This may be your last Lent. "It is later than you think."



WHEN a strong man wants to lift a weight with a lever, he places his fulcrum close to the weight and bears down on the long end of his bar. The lower he pushes the bar, the higher will the weight be lifted—but he must bend low.

It may be that the uplift of our little corner of the world depends upon our stooping low. The toppling of a fault in ourselves or in others may mean that we must be brought to the earth while we are bearing down on the crowbar of God's grace—that's the humility of the saints.



AN enterprising Protestant missionary in Shanghai sends out an occasional circular to post offices throughout the United States. Each envelope is addressed: *To Teachers and Pupil Friends of Public Schools.—Kindness of Postmaster.*

WITH EVERY

We suggest that our own American missioners apply this suggestion to police stations or fire departments. Seriously—we think often of the fertile fields for mission literature in *parochial* schools and we wonder how it can be widely entered.



SOME Catholics keep a rigid fast during Lent. Others, who have not been aroused to the law by examples about them or who, for one reason or another, are dispensed, confine themselves to abstinence and seem content.

Some, during the holy season, give up much—sweets, smoking, movies, theaters, dancing, and so forth. Others give up nothing.

What am I doing this Lent for my own soul and for the glory of Christ's kingdom? The question is well worth asking. And it should be remembered that there is no love without sacrifice.



CHRISTIAN parents sometimes unduly object when sons and daughters manifest a desire to give themselves to God's service.

This attitude is unreasonable. But the difficulty was not unknown even in the Old Law. *Your words have been unsufferable to me, saith the Lord. . . . You have said: He laboreth in vain that serveth God. . . . In the day that I do judgment . . . you shall see the difference between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not.—Mal. III, 13-18.*



TO write satisfactorily of conditions in China, one should use a daily paper and even then one will not be up to date.

We have only this to say—that if as a result of recent happenings, including conferences, there is promise of peace, the news is

good; but this does not mean that peaceful conditions will follow immediately. With ex-bandits in very important posts and millions of people uninformed of actual conditions, patience is requisite.

For us who like China for herself and who wish to help her millions to know Christ, there is strong reason to keep up a prayerful interest in this great nation.

Those of our readers who make the Novena of Grace are urged to include in their intentions the many mission needs—above all, sterling apostolic vocations.



WRITING of Soviet activity in China, a missioner urges that for the sake of China and for the Church in China, prayers be offered by many to overcome this dangerous and deadening influence. He says of Bolsheviks in Canton:

The Canton-Bolshevist rulers are vile fellows, without patriotic or moral motives—despite what some American papers say. The Chinese, not the foreigners, suffer most from this misrule.

Let us pray that they may be disrupted. If they should dominate, there will be as much chance for mission work here as there is in Russia—less even, for they will work up an anti-foreign hatred and we shall be hounded on both counts.



THE National Catholic Welfare Council news page carried recently an account of the praiseworthy bequests of a Mr. Miller, of Milwaukee, who gave \$100,000 to the Missionary Association of Catholic Women in Milwaukee and \$30,000 to the Mission of Foochow, Fukien Province, China.

This is one of very few such bequests made by Catholics, and China is dotted with memorial hospitals and entire mission establishments given by non-Catholics. The hospital at Yeungkong was donated by a Jersey City Presbyterian congregation in memory of

TO DEBTORS OF SAINT JOSEPH

Clients of Saint Joseph have made him the foster-father in perpetuity of other Christs at Maryknoll; but there is a *Saint Joseph Burse Number Two* that is almost at the bottom of our list.

S U B S C R I B E R

A F R I E N D

a deceased pastor; that in Kong-moon, where Msgr. Walsh is struggling to get a foothold and considers himself fortunate to have a house to live in, is another memorial; in Wuchow, the center of a future vicariate of which Fr. Meyer has been appointed Superior and where he has not one foot of property, the Protestants not only have a large mission compound but a hospital heavily endowed by a benefactor.

THE tone of the popular literature today is causing considerable concern among the thoughtful minded. According to a recent report, hundreds of tons of low-grade fiction is scattered about the country each year. In some metropolitan cities, vigilance committees have taken drastic action, but the presses still grind out the fodder which is shaping the thought and the morals of the country. All of which proves that there is a demand and that American people are reading something.

It is in our power to guide in some measure the reading of our Catholic brethren. In the movement for elevating and inspirational literature, Maryknoll has not been a laggard. There are books to be found in our Publication Department that will satisfy the legitimate tastes of all classes. These books are filled with records of adventure and heroism, spirited enough to sustain the interest of the most critical. Without being "preachy," they teach a lesson that is not easily forgotten. It remains, however, for our readers to place these absorbing missionary chronicles in the hands of their Catholic neighbors.

THE *World Missionary Atlas* (Institute of Social and Religious Research of New York) has appeared. It is another monument to its editors, Harlan P. Beach, D.D., F.R.G.S., and Charles H. Fahs, B.A., B.D.

The work represents painstaking effort. It is a mine of statistical information. It lists 380 so-



Designed by S. J. Kitsin

ST. JOSEPH
Patron of the Universal Church

cieties appointing and sending missionaries, 66 auxiliaries to these principal societies, 59 committees in aid of societies in other lands, 273 coöoperating and collecting societies, 48 independent and unconnected missions, and a total income of \$69,555,148.

We respect the sincerity of the editors when they signify their disappointment at their inability to present the figures for Catholic missions. Their failure to do so makes the title of the work misleading. *World Missionary Atlas* is too broad by far. "Protestant

World Missionary Atlas" would have been accurate. The lacuna is emphasized by the one map on which Catholic mission stations are more or less accurately indicated. Catholic figures for the year 1923 have appeared in *Handbuch der Katholischen Missionen* by Bernard Arens, S.J. (Herder, 1925, second edition).

The articles on Mexico and the South American countries are not entirely charitable and, at times, untrue. When will our Protestant friends begin to realize that the Catholic Church is not the patron of ignorance, immorality, and backwardness among nations? It is a matter of simple history that the Church patronized education before Protestantism was thought of; it will be the custodian of education and true progress when Protestantism is forgotten.

"Speaking generally, education is at a low ebb in Latin America" (page 200) is too general a statement. It requires an overdose of imagination to believe it of countries which boast "six universities older than Harvard." Some consolation is to be found, we presume, in the fact that "after their secularization, about a century ago—only one of the twelve original ecclesiastical universities remains today in the hands of the Church—they became more practical and effective." Such a misstatement shows an unfortunate choice of source materials. Catholics might with justice have been permitted a hearing.

As it is, the *Atlas* is a worthwhile publication. We congratulate the editors on the completion of a difficult task.

EASTER JOY

The intense joys of the Resurrection Day follow immediately the anguish of Our Savior's Passion. We shall not feel the thrill of the Paschal "Alleluias" unless we have shared in the sufferings of Our Lord. There is still time to fill the Maryknoll Reparation Bag—a means to share in the labors of the Redemption by the spread of God's kingdom.

Sancian Island-

By the Rev. Bernard F. Meyer, A. F. M.

SANCIAN, a rocky, barren, inhospitable little island, on which even the trees have a discouraged look, the abode of a few thousand undernourished peasants, whose rudeness is a byword on the mainland—why should this name be a household word for millions of Catholics?

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S TOMB

The answer is found in a little Gothic chapel, now threatening to fall into ruins, that stands on a rocky point facing the mainland. There, covering an empty tomb, is a stone slab bearing a Chinese and a Portuguese inscription, which reads, "Place of the burial of St. Francis Xavier, of the Society of Jesus, Apostle of the Orient. This stone was raised in the year 1639."

Here it was that the saint came—fresh from his labors in the Indies and in Japan, where he had already accomplished enough to make him the greatest missioner since the apostles—in his burning zeal for yet more souls, to attempt to open up the most extensive promising missionary field of the whole world. St. Francis was the first apostle of China, for, while there had been missioners in Peking two hundred and fifty years earlier, little had been accomplished.

HE BEGAN GREAT MISSIONS OF CHINA

One may stand on this insignificant island and say that here was begun the great work of the missions of China, continued through Ricci and those who followed during more than three hundred years. Now they extend from the lowermost point of Kwangtung back to the frozen steppes of Thibet and up to the sandy wastes of Mongolia, where labor two thousand five hundred foreign and native priests, and a host of consecrated men and women, each one fired by Xavier's zeal and resolved to imitate his example. These religious minister

to more than two million Catholics—this number is increasing daily. And who will count those who have already gone to judgment with the seal of baptism upon their foreheads; those who have gained the martyrs' crown; those abandoned infants gathered in to sing eternal Hosannas?

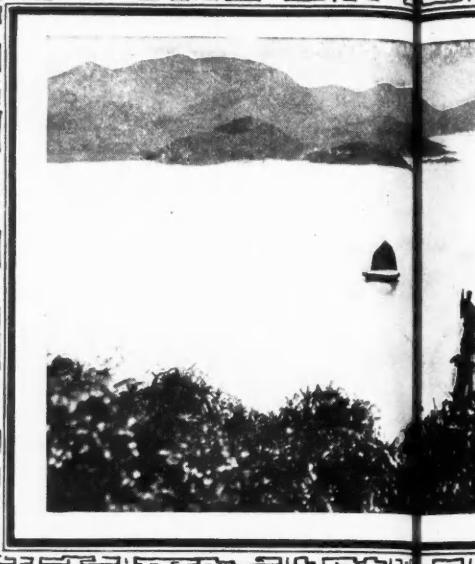
AIM AND DIFFICULTIES

When St. Francis conceived the idea of converting China, there was no Macao, no Hongkong, and no Shanghai, except the native city. China was closed to intercourse with the outside world, and one entered at the risk of one's life. Of those who had made the attempt, some had been put to death, and others were cast into prison. No one could land without the express permission of the Emperor—even shipwrecked mariners were murdered or imprisoned for having dared to contravene, however involuntarily, this order.

But the saint had no fear. According to his own words, he did not shrink before the physical dangers, but was afraid only of the spiritual ones to which he might expose himself if he failed to do the will of God by preaching the Gospel everywhere.

At that time, Sancian was a more or less abandoned island, and the harbor being suitable for the small ships then in use, the Portuguese and Chinese traders used it as a meeting place where they could engage in traffic with little or no molestation from the Chinese Government.

While in Japan, St. Francis had been told by the people that China was the greatest country in the world, the center of knowledge and culture. He was assured, too, that if the Japanese knew the Chinese had embraced Christianity, they would readily follow, but that it would be useless to preach in Japan if their teachers, the Chinese, did not think well of the Christian doctrine.



Hence, he resolved to enter China at once, and for this purpose came to Sancian, where a merchant was found who, for a large consideration, promised to land him in Canton. There he intended to proclaim to the governor himself the teachings of Christ.

DEATH OF THE SAINT

The Portuguese, fearing that his arrival in Canton would bring the Chinese authorities down upon them at Sancian, would not hear of his going, if go he must, until after they had left the place for the season; so he was forced to wait.

All had gone, but still the merchant who was to take him to Canton failed to appear, and provisions began to run low. The saint waited, hoping against hope, until, weakened by the hardships he had undergone, he fell a victim to a raging fever. On November 27, 1552, abandoned by all but one faithful servant, his ardent

NOVENGRACE

Five hundred and the Novena are, last in this count honor o Francis Xavi

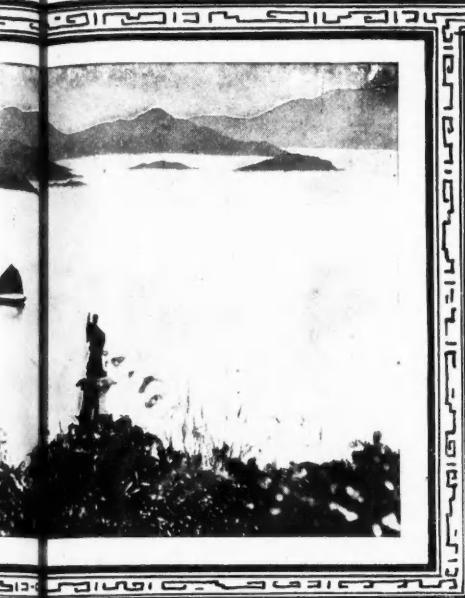
What a wondrous man of faith and love! His servant is the Apostle of the Indies; please would it be Francis his friends would in petitions and a special remembrance further the pagans of orient and whom he labored died!

During this, from fourth to eighth of month, let all specially the conversion of India, and Japan.

HOW SHALL

THEY KNOW

OF CHRIST



A Precious Heritage

Superior of the new Wuchow Mission

the persecution that broke out a few years later, and, for more than one hundred years, few were able to visit the hallowed spot.

IN OUR OWN TIMES

The gradual opening up on China, however, finally brought Sancian into its own, and, in 1869, the Prefect Apostolic of the newly erected prefecture of Canton built a church, and, over the grave, a little Gothic chapel. Some converts were made, and pilgrimages were resumed; but, in 1884, in the absence of the missioner, there broke out a furious local persecution and all the Christians apostatized save one family. Of the chapels, only the walls were left.

After the persecution of 1884, in view of the scarcity of missioners in the immense Vicariate of Canton—at that time, nearly all the Province of Kwangtung—it was decided to make the most urgent repairs on the buildings and to leave the spiritual care of Sancian to the occasional visits of missioners from the mainland. This state of affairs continued until the year 1904 when a resident missioner was appointed, who, though he entered into the work with all the zeal of youth, in the space of eight years he could show only a handful of converts.

MOVEMENT OF CONVERSION

But the missioner was gradually gaining influence, and when, in the troublous times of the revolution, some of the islanders undertook to oppress the rest of the villagers, it was to him that the latter turned for help. Many of their houses had been burned and much of their property destroyed.

By presenting the case in its true light to the authorities at Canton, the missioner was able to secure at least partial redress, an action which won the hearts of the suffering Chinese; and three villages, with a population of more than a thousand souls, enrolled as catechumens.

But this, as every missioner knows, was but the beginning. To

find means to instruct this great number, the majority of whom were unable to read, to make them realize that for baptism more is required than gratitude, namely a true faith and fundamental change of life—these required great and exhausting labor.

INFLUENCE OF CHURCH

Later other villages came into the Church, and now fully one-fourth of the six thousand people on Sancian are Catholic. It seems only a matter of time until, with the grace of God, the whole island will become Christian. The missioner who, a short time ago, was the object of hatred and distrust is now respected by even the pagans and is by far the most influential man on the island.

Recently, in the crisis which made Sancian the stronghold of bandits, the natives sought out the priest to protect them and their villages. Although he failed in his interview with the bandit chief and was himself taken prisoner, the confidence and gratitude of the people were thereby even more deeply strengthened.

THE FUTURE

Let us not imagine, however, that all is pleasant and clear sailing. The devil does not so easily relinquish his own, and, if he does not succeed in putting obstacles in the way of their entering the true fold, he knows how to wait until their first fervor has abated. It is only at the price of eternal vigilance, constant prayer, and labor, that we may hope to keep the gains thus won and finally see the full fruition of the seed sown so long ago.

We have every reason to hope in the powerful intercession of St. Francis, who must surely watch over with a special predilection the spot where his sacrifice was consummated.

What more fitting than that the whole of this island of Xavier should be Catholic, and the worship of idols be banished from it forever?

soul went to God.

The following February, the body was exhumed and taken to Malacca, whence it was later transported to Goa, where it now rests. Four years later, the Portuguese gained a foothold at Macao and transferred their trading operations to that place, with the result that Sancian was abandoned, save for its native population.

HIS MEMORY CHERISHED

It was already recognized that Xavier was a saint, and the memory of his death on this almost desert island was tenderly cherished by the missioners who followed in his footsteps, until canonization made possible the public veneration of his tomb.

In 1639, during a public pilgrimage from Macao, the tablet spoken of above was erected, and, in 1700, the Visitor of the Jesuits caused a small memorial chapel to be built. But this was destroyed in

UNLESS CHRIST CRUCIFIED BE PREACHED TO THEM?

The Outlook

AT Brookland, District of Columbia, under the shadow of the Catholic University, a Catholic Medical Mission House has been opened.

Fr. Mathis, C.S.C., of the *Bengalise*, is its inspiration, and Dr. Dengal, a native of the Italian Tyrol, who has been in India, will be at its head.

The life of the average Korean woman is a drab, unending round of toil. The Maryknoll Sisters in Gishu are trying to better her lot by teaching industrial arts and crafts. The Sisters are able teachers; the Korean women apt pupils. When their products can be marketed, some substantial returns will come. But all this requires "teem and mowney," as one of our foreign friends expresses it.

Mill Hill, the English Foreign Mission Seminary, has its preparatory colleges spread in three countries, England, Holland, and we were about to say Austria, but it is now the Italian Tyrol. At Brixen (now Bressanone) for many years there has been a house of studies; and, recently, a second establishment has been secured, a photograph of which we reproduce on this page.

From a certain parish in one of our large cities there were six priests ordained in twenty-five years.

Then a newly appointed curate was encouraged to take up the work of pushing vocations, and, in ten years, he sent three to a religious order, three to Maryknoll, and eight to the diocesan seminary. All have persevered. The last two of the fourteen are now preparing to receive the diaconate.

The example of this parish is a tangible proof that zeal for the foreign apostolate reacts favorably upon vocations for the homeland.



A PREPARATORY SEMINARY IN THE ITALIAN TYROL
Recently purchased by the Mill Hill Fathers, England

A WORD OF GRATITUDE

THE year 1924 started with rather poor promise for the Catholic Foreign Mission Society and for other mission-training houses. Several important dioceses were closed to their activities, and it looked as if others would follow suit pending the organization or reorganization of mission-aid.

Fortunately, however, this condition did not last, and it is our pleasure to express our gratitude to several Ordinaries for authorization to make known THE FIELD AFAR in their respective dioceses during the past year. These were:

Diocese of Albany, Rt. Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons, D.D.
Archdiocese of Baltimore, Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, D.D.
Archdiocese of Boston, His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell.
Archdiocese of Cincinnati, Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., D.D.
Diocese of Cleveland, Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D.
Diocese of Davenport, Rt. Rev. James Davis, D.D.

Diocese of Des Moines, Rt. Rev. Thomas W. Drumm, D.D.
Archdiocese of Dubuque, Most Rev. James J. Keane, D.D.
Diocese of Hartford, Rt. Rev. John J. Nilan, D.D.
Diocese of Los Angeles, Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell, D.D.
Diocese of Monterey-Fresno, Rt. Rev. John B. MacGinley, D.D.
Archdiocese of Oregon City, Most Rev. Alexander Christie, D.D.
Diocese of Peoria, Rt. Rev. Edmund M. Dunne, D.D.
Diocese of Rockford, Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, D.D.
Archdiocese of St. Louis, Most Rev. John J. Glennon, D.D.
Archdiocese of St. Paul, Most Rev. Austin Dowling, D.D.
Archdiocese of San Francisco, Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, D.D.
Diocese of Seattle, Rt. Rev. Edward J. O'Dea, D.D.
Diocese of Spokane, Rt. Rev. Augustin F. Schinner, D.D.
Diocese of Springfield (Ill.), Rt. Rev. James A. Griffin, D.D.
Diocese of Springfield (Mass.), Rt. Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D.D.
Diocese of Toledo, Rt. Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, D.D.
Diocese of Tucson, Rt. Rev. Daniel J. Gercke, D.D.

TO MISSIONERS NON-MARYKNOLL

If you are receiving The Field Afar and desire its continuance, please drop us a post card. We ask from you no payment, but should like the assurance of a Mass for our work and its benefactors.

TO WHOM SHALL I MAKE PAYABLE MY LIFE INSURANCE?

"One of our great American customs," comments the *Wide Horizon*, "is to start a magazine about something when that something warrants it. There are magazines in the United States covering all subjects from cats up to stars and from mountain resorts down to coal. When American Catholics were awakened to the fact that they should give to foreign missions and interest in same was stimulated, it was not long before the first magazine devoted to foreign missions came off the press. This was followed by others, until today there are no less than ten magazines dealing exclusively with foreign missions."

There is a little French bulletin that now comes regularly to Maryknoll and that gives us special pleasure in anticipation of a similar publication in the United States.

We refer to the *Bulletin de la Jeunesse Catholique Chinoise*, published monthly in Paris.

This is the organ of a European association of young Catholic Chinese, among whom it is circulated. An idea of the scope of this bulletin may be gained from the following summary of a recent issue:

A Letter from the Apostolic Delegate in China

An Account of a Pilgrimage to Rome

The Discourse by Pius XI to Catholic Youth

Chinese Arts in Paris

The Bolshevik Danger in China

An Appeal from Chinese Professors in Peking to the Holy Father.

ASSOCIATION OF MASSES AND CRUSADE OF PRAYERS FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE FAR EAST.

Members of this association are respectfully reminded of their yearly obligations. Priests are to offer one holy Mass, while those who are not priests are to offer twelve holy Communions for the intentions of the association. Besides, all are earnestly requested to make this great work known to their relations and friends, in order that the six hundred million pagans of the Far East may re-

An Archbishop's Opinion

WE published lately the facsimile of a letter sent, in 1911, by His Eminence the late Cardinal Gibbons, of revered memory, to the archbishops of the United States, advising them of a proposed American Seminary for Foreign Missions and requesting their opinion after consultation with their respective suffragans.

The publication of this letter seems to have impressed many who read it. Today, through the kindness of a friend, we are privileged to reproduce the answer of the late Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, who wrote:

His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, D.D.,

**Archbishop of Baltimore,
408 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.
Your Eminence:**

In reply to your letter of the 25th of March in reference to the founding of an American Foreign Missionary Seminary, I beg leave to make the following observations:

I am convinced that such a seminary is needed if for no other reason than to disabuse the oriental people of the idea that we have no standing in the United States. The Orientals admire greatness and strength, and despise small numbers and weakness resulting therefrom. We should seek to impress them with our strength and with the fact that we have a deep interest in their conversion.

I am of the opinion that there will be no great trouble in collecting the money necessary for the erection of a large building and an endowment for the same. An endowment of a million dollars would be amply sufficient, and, while that large sum might not be obtainable immediately, it would be obtainable in four or five years. There is a great deal of money lying around the entire country if we would only seek it, and money must be sought for. It will not come of itself to us.

I shall be glad to learn that the archbishops at their annual meeting are in favor of this project.

I remain,
Sincerely yours,
¶ P. W. RIORDAN.

ceive, in answer to the united and fervent prayers of all Catholics, the right of the true faith.

Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemane, Trappist, Kentucky.

J. C. K. saw a show, last week, which he enjoyed thoroughly. Since then, he has been telling his friends about it. "It is worth going to see," says he, and, naturally, a number of them go.

J. C. K. also reads *THE FIELD AFAR*. We are sure that he enjoys it because no one else in the house needs expect to see it until he has finished. Yet we have never known him to recommend the magazine to his friends or to praise the work for which it stands.

The only explanation we can offer is that some imp of wickedness has been specially detailed to follow J. C. K. about to prevent such a thought entering his mind.

Fr. Bernard Meyer, who left Maryknoll with the first group of missionaries under the late Father Price, in 1918, was recalled this year to prepare himself to be superior of the new and difficult mission of Wuchow. Fr. Meyer has been kindly received by several bishops and many priests.

In a recent letter to Maryknoll, he thus chronicles one observation:

The impression seems to have gotten around in some quarters that the Maryknoll mission field is an unusually difficult one and an unfortunate gift.

Granted that the provinces of Kwangtung and Kwangsi are considered such, we feel honored and pleased to have an opportunity of showing our mettle by working for Christ in a section that others might prefer to pass over because it is lacking in consolations and the satisfaction of numerous conversions. *To them that love God, all things work together unto good*, continues to be our motto, and we are happy to go where God seems to call us, even though it might not always be where the prudence and forward vision of able men would suggest.

When the Maryknollers first went to China, they were untried and unproved. American Catholic missionaries were practically an unknown quantity there. Many wondered if they would succeed; some said frankly that they would not. That they have so far won confidence is shown by the fact that they have been given four more missions. Also, the first to which they were assigned has been erected into a Prefecture Apostolic and the sacred shrine of Sancian Island has been confided to their care.

Maryknoll-at-Home

MARCH finds the Home Knoll emerging from a winter which came rather late in the year. Not until after the beginning of the new year did we have anything that looked like a snow-storm; but, as 1926 began to grow, a few cold western breezes brought the snow of other lands and kept us well indoors.

A feature of the seminary discipline is recreation in the open when weather permits. During the snowy days, the cloister walk provided an opportunity for open-air walks, without the inconvenience of wading through drifts. The cloister has not yet been fully completed, so—as the march goes on—the march hares must “right-about face” and start in the other direction.

Where the cloister ends and the great open spaces appear, the snow men were kept busy keeping the passage safe underfoot.

The Sisters, unfortunately, have not the protection of an open-air cloister and must make a path through the snow and ice, in all kinds of weather, from one building to another. We hope—as we know they must too—that a con-



THE LATEST ARRIVALS IN CHINA

This group of priests which left Maryknoll in the late fall makes the number of "departants," for the year 1925, twenty-six

vent will soon emerge from the nebula of which they may now only dream.

No one of us can begin to estimate what the Sisters mean and have meant to the growth of Maryknoll. We are not unduly concerned in their housing problem, which means the fullness of spiritual life for them, invaluable aid in the continuance of our efforts, and a new zest to the work of the missions.

Coasting down Sunset Hill is a sport which has all the thrills of the roller coaster and supplies all the delights for which young hearts might look. With sleds, skis, and skates, our young aspirants prepare especially, during this season, for further service in Korea or Manchuria.

When the weather became too inclement, the free moments gave the bookworms a chance to bore. Recently, our still meager collection of books came into their own—they were moved into the now-finished library.

We are proud of this room, the only finished hall in the new Seminary. The walls are lined with shelves, and our books seem happy—though they are on the racks.

Overhead, a large skylight lets in some of the outside; the rest of the ceiling, though plastered, is finished in imitation of Japanese cherry-wood. A riot of happy colors, such as one might see in an oriental pagoda, runs across the ceiling and down the pillars on both sides. Gold, red, green, blue, and other colors of the rainbow vie at their best, and the whole effect is most pleasing. What student would not want to study the driest palimpsest in our library!

Just around the corner from the library, the infirmary is strug-



The Sisters must make a path through snow and ice in all kinds of weather



Coasting down Sunset Hill prepares aspirants for the fields of Korea

gling toward the "finished" state. In the meantime, the infirmarian is studying a patent medicine catalog for bitter remedies. The infirmary, with plastered walls and tiled floors, would allure many a weary limb, if the panacea didn't bite the patient's taste. A dumb-waiter—who neither asks nor answers questions—will convey the "tea and toast" to the sick room more promptly than the long winding stairway from the kitchen.

Both these new features of the Seminary, however, are still waiting sponsors. The cost of completing the library has been twenty-five thousand dollars, and that of the infirmary will run up to about one thousand. A tablet bearing the name of the individual, society, or Doctors' or Nurses' Guild, endowing either room, will be erected, so that Maryknollers may know to whom they are indebted for such great gifts and so that they may pray for the donors.

If such a part of our work appeals to "even as you and I," we should gladly receive a portion of the expenses incumbent upon these new additions.

Maryknoll-in-Scranton

THE new chapel and refectory, long since invaded, serve us better than the old ones and offer a change.

Christmastide has its joys, but con-

ditions during that season are such that the world is more likely to enter into our happiness than are thoughts of God.

There is one time at the Vénard, however, when everything centers on Him—the days of Holy Week.

Who has been at the Vénard for one year and has not experienced the close union with spiritual things which the service of Holy Week imparts to us? Friday with its silence gives us the impression of spiritual death; of being without a God. On Holy Saturday, the priest, for the first time in weeks, intones the "Gloria in Excelsis"; the organ, after a long period of silence, breaks forth into the joyful strain; the tower bell rings forth the

message to the surrounding country. These days are glorious ones and they leave their impress on each of us as we turn to face the problems peculiar to the waning of the school year.

A missioner should have a good bit of endurance; he should be long-winded in the literal sense. We know of one who ran for two days and two nights in Madagascar. When exhausted, he would fall on the ground, and, when rested, he would continue his running. He was just playing a little game of hide and go seek with the natives, and, incidentally, trying to save his skin. They say that St. Francis Xavier, while a youth, could run alongside the fleetest horse without becoming exhausted.

Is it strange, then, that the relay is popular at the Vénard? Five miles in thirty-seven minutes is the record of a squad of four in our latest contest. We hope to do better some day when souls are the stakes.

Maryknoll-in-San Francisco

FRIENDS—yes, they count most for our work. How well they can arouse mission interest in others whom we Maryknollers might never reach!

Note what one good friend, a butcher, did—may his example be imitated by many more!

Not able to help much in a financial way, he was determined to encourage those who were in a position to do so. The first victim was one of his own patrons. He spoke to her of Maryknoll with the result that she decided to send us a very generous check. Also



Where the cloister ends and the great open spaces begin

HE WHO LOVES JESUS CHRIST WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS

THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1926

she took it upon herself to spread the good word, and interested her sister-in-law, who, in her turn, talked Maryknoll to a circle of her friends, and now each of the group is giving at least one dollar a month to Maryknoll.

Yes, friends do count, especially those who realize that it is their privilege and duty to pass on to others the message of Maryknoll.

Friends again made it possible for us to lift from our shoulders the burden of the semiannual tax, which amounted to something around the two hundred mark. The means used was a whist party, which was most successful. In a few months the second installment of the tax—for the same amount—will be due, and these same benefactors are to undertake another whist game.

A circle of about twenty-five school teachers was formed recently in Oakland, and, shortly afterward, sent nearly one hundred dollars to the missions. Characteristic of their fine spirit is the remark quoted by one of the members: "It is a pity that we school teachers are not asked to help more; we do so little for the foreign missions."

Los Altos is interested in the new Maryknoll College that has begun to rise on top of one of the most beautiful knolls in the whole Santa Clara valley. Only a few more months will pass before we shall see that knoll guarding the group of prospective Maryknollers from different parts of the West, who will assemble to commence their studies for the priesthood and for work in the fields afar.

Maryknoll-in-Seattle

WITH us for a few days was the Rev. Francis Iwashita, en route to Japan. Six years ago he left his homeland to study in Europe that he might perfect his English. Soon after his arrival on the continent, he decided to answer the call to the priesthood and he was ordained last June in Rome. He returns to Tokyo, not only a teacher with a finished course in English, but, better yet, a priest, ready to assist in bringing some of the millions of his countrymen to the knowledge, love, and service of the One True God. The number of native Japanese priests is now fifty.

While with us, Fr. Iwashita told many interesting things. He mentioned a Catholic admiral in the Japanese Navy who has printed regularly, at his own expense, a Catholic magazine. He then distributes it to the school children of his district, gratis. This layman appreciates the value of the Catholic press and wishes to support it with more than mere words.



THE VENARD HOCKEY FLOOR

Lake Dorens proves a great attraction both in winter and in summer

The members of the Mater Admirabilis Mission Unit, of St. Mary's Academy and Normal School, Portland, Oregon, gave us a valuable gift, a ciborium. It was needed at the Procure here. We appreciate the continued and self-sacrificing interest of these students and we shall not forget them at the altar.

A good friend from the same city informed us that he is to continue to support a native student for the priesthood, at one of our far eastern houses.

Catholic men who are willing to devote their lives to the cause of the missions as Lay-Brothers may learn about the life and requirements in our booklet, "American Brothers and the Foreign Missions," which we shall forward on request.

Happy days are surely in store for this benefactor and for his household because of this interest in "the boy across the Pacific."

If the crowds keep increasing, as we trust they shall, better accommodations will be the "only way out of it" for our Kindergarten and Sunday school children. We hope the day not too remote when the Northwest can claim a Catholic Oriental Grade School, as does California in two cities, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

We already have the permission of our Rt. Rev. Bishop for such a school. It remains for our friends to come

forward. We are ready to receive houses—with or without lots—and lots of

Socials for the benefit of the Sisters have been resumed, and the faithful members of the Sacred Heart Circle and of the Procure Club are realizing gratifying results—thanks to the mission spirit of the Catholic people of the Seattle Diocese. Spokane and Portland dioceses continue to respond kindly to our mission call.

Japangeles

(By Bamboo Phil)

DO you like to read of California? It is a country—one would not call it a mere state—for which God has done much; His bounty, in turn, has been utilized very fully by California's wide-awake dwellers. When Eastern people hear California spoken of, I imagine they discount much of the praise, taking it, in the main, as the exaggeration of real estate agents, who have a way of coaxing the unwary dollar out of visitors' pockets. No doubt, people with land to sell are taking great pains to broadcast California's opportunities, but their sin, where sin there is, is not in overstating the good things, but in keeping silent on the points that would go to offset some of the boasted advantages.

Take, for example, Los Angeles' claim that two industries a day are being added to the resources of the city. Fifty-eight hundred in all, comprise the present backbone of wage-paying establishments in a metropolitan district of twenty miles. You might not suspect that such enterprises as

MORE CATECHISTS NEEDED

The most recent annual financial report of the Kongmoon Mission shows that every available cent that could be spared from absolute necessities went towards the salaries of catechists. And now Maryknoll has five missions in the Orient, three of which date from 1925. If you wish to do your bit towards helping the American missions, send \$15 for the monthly salary of a native catechist. Should you be in a position to do more, \$180 will keep your man active and your missioner happy for one whole year.

bakeries are numbered among the industrial plants. Neither would you suspect that, at all times, Los Angeles harbors a veritable army of the unemployed.

Some one, eager to sell an orange grove, may tell you truthfully how many boxes of delicious fruit each tree will average; but he may maintain a very discreet silence on the cost of smudge pots and the expense of their operation on frosty nights. He may also forget to add the cost of keeping the trees free from scale and other pests. The unsuspecting visitor may believe that he struck a bargain in cheap acres, until he tries to cultivate them and finds that he purchased a tract of soil impregnated with salt.

Recently, a Catholic weekly issued a special edition exploiting the parishes of Imperial Valley and the wonderful country that sustains them. Not an untruthful word was written about the remarkable fertility of the soil. But what all the local boosters failed to say was that Imperial Valley is not a white man's land at all, owing to its excessive heat, lying, as it does, below sea level. Early crops yield good prices, it is true, but the cost of living is high; livable altitudes must be sought for wife and children and weekend flights taken by the toiler. These cut deeply into the receipts.

When, however, due allowance has been made for all drawbacks, there still remains a wide margin in favor of living in California. If a man has means enough to choose his place of residence, he will make no mistake in crossing to the west of the Rockies. Where silvery strands invite one to a swim in January and mountain snows allure in July; where vegetables are always fresh and flowers never stop blooming; where the quiet desert soothes jumpy nerves and towering cliffs raise the soul to God—that is California.

To be sure, men have made money in this golden West. The Panama Canal showed no profits until Los Angeles Harbor loaded fleets of oil and sent them through the cut. Last year the tolls for 550,000 barrels of oil per week from the second largest freight port in America exceeded \$2,000,000. Many ships, 6,107, to be exact, steamed out of this harbor in 1925. Lumber to the extent of 1,282,252,000 feet came into the harbor during the same period. The yield of oil in Southern California, during the past year, averaged well above 600,000 barrels a day, and the natural gas output reached 588,000,000 cubic feet per day. Our best crop was oil, valued at \$250,000,000 for Southern California. We produced 22 per cent of the yield of the entire world.



ROSA
A flower of the Los Angeles kindergarten

I THIRST

cried Our Divine Lord from Calvary's height. And the Little Flower tells us that the echo of that cry still rings through the centuries.

"I thirst for immortal souls," He seems to say now. Will you slake the thirst of Christ? Will you forsake home, friends, and country, that immortal souls may be saved in pagan lands for Christ?

A sacrifice for Christ means souls for Him. Souls—the price of eternity!

Next came the orange crop, valued at about \$85,000,000, grown for the most part in the same district. America, at large, has taken kindly to citrus fruits; it took 120,000 carloads last year to satisfy its wants. Of this amount, California produced two-thirds of the oranges and four-fifths of the lemons. We have taken our grapefruit to the desert, where the last hint of bitterness is being drawn out of it. Soon it, too, will contend with Arizona and Florida for the eastern breakfast table.

Our next best crop is gathered from walnut trees. Last year's yield exceeded 50,000,000 pounds. More acreage is being added to the 112,000 now bearing. We brought our trees from France. How amazed the French growers would be if they caught a glimpse of our clean-bottomed orchards and seemingly endless rows of smooth-barked trees! (To be continued.)

Some Books in English on Foreign Missions

General

Foreign Missions in Our Schools

By Rev. F. Schwager, S. V. D.

For the Kingdom of God

Thoughts and meditations on foreign mission work. Rt. Rev. N. Weber, O. S. B.

Catholic Medical Missions

By Floyd Keeler.

Our Lord's Last Will and Testament

By Rev. H. Fischer, S. V. D.

Sermons and Lectures on Foreign Missions

By Rev. A. Huonder, S. J.

Shower of Roses on the Missions

Spiritual and temporal favors obtained by The Little Flower for missionaries.

The Conversion of the Pagan World

By V. Rev. Paola Manna and Msgr. Joseph McGlinchey.

The Workers Are Few

By V. Rev. Paola Manna and Msgr. Joseph McGlinchey.

Thoughts From Modern Martyrs

Extracts from the letters of three young missionaries of the nineteenth century, with brief accounts of their lives. By V. Rev. James A. Walsh.

Fiction

A Joyful Herald of the King of Kings

By Rev. F. M. Dreves, of the English Foreign Mission Society. Cardinal Bourne wrote of the book, "This will do much to awaken and promote interest in the important work of foreign missions."

Cross and Chrysanthemum

An episode of Japanese history, by Rev. Jos. Spillman, S. J.

***Chinese Lanterns**

A collection of mission tales, by Alice Dease.

Field Afar Stories

Three volumes of stories bearing on foreign missions and the foreign mission vocation. Most of these stories are the work of Maryknollers.

Laurentia

A tale of the Japanese missions, by Lady Fullerton.

The Debt of Guy Arnolle

An extremely interesting story of a foreign mission vocation that was also an expiation of a father's infidelity. By Alice Dease.

***The Hollow of the Mass**

A collection of stories by Alice Dease.

The Red Circle

A well written novel that describes the work and the difficulties of missionaries of our own time. By Gerald Reynolds.

Yonder

Stories and reflections on foreign missions, by Rev. T. Gavan Duffy.

In God's Country

Stories by Neil Boyton, S. J. Many of these deal with mission countries.

*Out of print, but may be available in some Catholic libraries.

The above may be obtained through Catholic book stores or the

Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, N. Y.

THE BLOOD OF MARTYRS

HOSANNA!" sang the mob. "Hosanna!" reverberated the echoes, and every corner of Jerusalem caught the song and joined in the strain: "Blessed is He Who cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna!"

Cloaks were torn from shoulders; garments were rent from their fastenings; boughs were shorn of their leaves and trees stripped of their branches—all were spread through Jerusalem's streets that the Son of David, as one victoriously returning, might receive the homage of His people Israel.

Then events crowded in quickly, sad events, inspired by the jealousy of those in high places; by the fear of ambitious rulers; by the envy of other religious teachers; by the anger of a mob and the greed of a follower—and the Son of David was delivered up for thirty pieces of silver as a criminal, usurper, impostor.

"Crucify Him!" rang the cry.

"Crucify Him!" reverberated the echoes, and every corner of Jerusalem caught the cry and joined in the wail: "His blood be upon us and upon our children!"

His death would end it all, His enemies believed; so an unjust judge decreed: "Take Him, ye, and crucify Him!"—and crucify Him they did. Yet what seemed death was really life; the seed died and new life sprang up in its place.

Father Brady leaned back in his steamer chair, and the book he had been reading fell to his lap.

"New life sprang up in its place!" As he repeated over and over the last lines of the story, the growth of Christianity took on a new meaning to him. "Why," he said to himself, "it's the same principle that He laid down while He was still on earth: *Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, Itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit!*

The boat lurched, and the book falling from Father Brady's lap slid across the deck. Before he had time to reach for it, a Chinese attendant, who was passing, caught the book and returned

it to the priest.

A "thank you" was muttered as the traveler took the volume into his hands, and, in a short time, he was deep again in his meditation. But something new seemed to flash in on his musings, something which seemed to be either the face of a Chinese, or the warm smile of a Christian soul. There came to his memory, too, the idea that he had caught the word "Father" as the book was restored to him a few minutes before.

It was his first day out on the Pacific, and the number of Orientals in attendance was beginning to make an impression on the priest. Could it be that this deck-boy was a Christian? Impossible—they were a bad lot, those Chinese, and they wouldn't bother with Christianity.

Now Father Brady was human—and inquisitive—and he made up his mind to speak to the lad the next time he happened by. His parishioners had provided this trip to the Orient for him, and he meant to observe everything very closely, so that he might tell them all about it on his return. To tell the truth, he was almost lost on this vacation. It was the first time in his twenty-eight years of priesthood that he had been away from his post for more than two days and he was still a little anxious to know how things would go along in his absence.

That evening as the priest stood alone at the deck rail, he espied the boy who had recovered his book in the afternoon.

"What's your name?" he demanded almost gruffly of the young man.

"Gabriel Tsam."

"Gabriel!" said the priest. "Well the archangel must be proud of you."

"I hope so, Father," the boy replied in English so excellent that Father Brady thought for a moment he was deceived.

In fact the title "Father" opened the way to a new flood of questions, and before Gabriel had quite satisfied the priest, he promised he would tell him later the story of his conversion in China and his subsequent education in America.

The next morning the traveler was surprised to find Gabriel assisting as acolyte of the Mass, and, while he was unvesting, he exacted a promise of the Chinese boy to meet him on deck and tell him his story.

True to his word, the deck-boy came smiling, and his opening question puzzled Father Brady. "Did you ever hear of Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre?"

"No," confessed the priest.

"Well," began Gabriel, "I am going to tell you of him and that will explain all—or nearly all."

Nearly a hundred years ago, Blessed John Gabriel left Europe for the foreign missions. He came to China, and was stationed in the district where my forefathers lived. He was the first Catholic priest to visit that neighborhood, and the people believed he was a great prophet: they threw flowers before him and made a great welcome for him in the city.

"At first, the chief of the village was friendly toward him, but, in a very short time, he was led to believe that this man would overthrow him and become chief himself. The teachers of the pagan religions saw their influence waning, and false witnesses were found who swore that Father Jean was a political spy. Some of his faithful followers warned him that soldiers were marching down on the village to arrest him, but he did not run away; he went out into the garden and prayed for a long time.

"Then one of the catechists who was afraid that he, too, might be killed, ran to the chief and promised, for a sum of money, that he would tell where the Father was hiding. After they had given him thirty ounces of silver, he led them to the garden and there they captured Father Perboyre.

"His humiliations and sufferings were frightful as he was dragged before three different judges, who finally sentenced him to death. With some criminals he was taken to the top of a hill where he was fastened to a cross and died a painful death.

"Almost immediately, the truths of Christianity began to spread through the village rapidly, and today there is hardly an unbeliever in our village."

The priest seemed dazed for a moment. Then he smiled a little, and, as he shook his head, said, "If I did not know the history of Christ's passion and death, I should almost believe you."

"Ah, but it is true, Father. Blessed John Gabriel was an imitator of Our Lord always, and it seemed to be part of his glory that he should have a death so much like his Master's."

"And you say the whole village became Catholic?"

"Yes, all the people; and the example of this good man is held up to us by our parents, so that nearly every boy in Chang-yin is called John or Gabriel."

Sanguis martyrum—semen Christianorum, said the priest.

"That's what is written above the altar in the church at home—what does it mean, Father?"

"The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians," interpreted the priest.

Before the boat reached Shanghai, Father Brady and Gabriel had become close friends. The priest learned that the boy had just finished a six-year course at a western college, and was more surprised still to hear that this college training had been made possible through the efforts of the American priest in his native village, who had sought for the Chinese boy free board and tuition. In return for the education received, the boy worked during free moments at the college, and now he was working on the boat to earn his passage home.

All this was but the beginning of many wonders for Father Brady. He had heard that priests were going to China from America, but he had always frowned on the idea. It didn't occur to him to investigate the work they were doing there, or to try to impress his impression that such efforts never attained great results.

Now, as he beheld the churches of Shanghai and of other oriental cities, his eyes were opened in a new way. It was not until he reached the village of Chang-yin, though, that he was the most deeply impressed. There he



With some criminals, Father Perboyre was taken to the top of a hill where he was fastened to a cross and died a painful death

found three priests, a Brother, and six Sisters working quietly and as effectively as those in his own parish. To find here an entire Christian community; to find a whole village at prayers each night and at Mass every morning, proved no less amazing to the traveler than the evidences of strong faith which he witnessed on every side.

The little Chang-yin chapel was silent; the devout Christians had returned to their homes, and the night was peaceful and still. Father Brady remained on his knees, alone. A glance at the tabernacle surmounted by the crucifix brought back the subject of his meditation on the boat, and a great desire to share somehow in this work came over him. After all, what were

the empty plaudits of a people who would as quickly turn and forget him. Which lasted the longer, the Hosanna of a crowd or the Alleluia for the Risen Seed?

In another moment, he had solved the question; he would not go any farther on his journey; he would return home. The money remaining from his trip would be for Gabriel or any other native boy who might wish to study for the priesthood.

But the people back home—"What shall I say to them?" As though it were in answer to a prayer, his eyes caught a word just above the tabernacle, dim in the shadow of the ruddy lamp—and he knew it was an answer for those at home as well as for himself: *Sanguis Martyrum*. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."

Korea—A First Impression

(From Fr. Peloquin)

KOREA! Yeng You! The missions! I can tell you little of this country and its people, having been here only a few days, yet I shall give you my first impressions.

After only a few days, I noticed the marked difference which the faith has made in the dress and manners of the women. The beautiful custom of evening prayers in common in the chapel also attracted me.

There are many frequent communicants, some daily. Mothers and older sisters come to Holy Communion oftentimes with a baby or a younger brother or sister tied to their back. One little fellow watched me with big and sparkling eyes as I gave Holy Communion to his elder sister, a young girl not more than fifteen years old.

Evening devotions consist of a number of prayers, a litany, and a blessing from the "Sim Boo Mim" (Reverend Father). Then the boys and girls sing a hymn to the Blessed Mother. Without delay, a large number, as many as the room will hold, pay a visit to the Fathers. The salutation is "Praise be to Jesus"; we answer, "Amen." Each will wait at attention until his turn

FOR PAGAN WUCHOW

It will be necessary to open many new stations in the Wuchow district. There are, perhaps, parishes in the United States which have surplus vestments, candlesticks, crucifixes, altar cards, stations, ciboriuums, and so on. If these were sent to Maryknoll, they could be boxed at the center for shipment to Fr. Meyer's new mission at Wuchow.

comes, then bow profoundly and give the salutation.

The children often leave their houses and run to the street to salute us. Happily the little babies are securely tied to backs; otherwise they would be thrown over the heads of their little nurses. How these boys and girls can carry little fellows almost their own size for hours is a puzzle to me. I do not think Japanese or Korean children ever begin to walk before two or three years of age. They are constantly carried about by some member of the family.

You will read in the diary of our pleasant voyage and safe arrival at Yeng You; so I will not repeat that here, except to say that I enjoyed the voyage very much, and assure you I am not disappointed with Korea.

We have enjoyed a few real mission-

ary days, sleeping on mattresses on the floor, four in one room—it would hold no more; eating with a spoon, a knife, or a fork only, the other fellow having the rest of the set.

We are in our new home, the Study House or Language School. We surely owe much to Fr. Byrne and to the other Fathers for this opportunity and are going to try to show our appreciation by making the most we can of the fine chance given us to learn the language. We have already started on our regular schedule.

I look forward to a happy year, perhaps two here, and then an appointment with one of the older Fathers on one of our missions. We feel the need of prayer and are happy in the thought that you and all at Maryknoll remember us daily.

ENCOURAGING RETURNS.

I have been granted many favors through your mission.—N. Y.

Four dollars—my penny a day savings for the past year!—N. Y.

Enclosed find my donation to my favorite of God's missionary societies.—N. Y.

Accompanying \$5 represents picture show money dropped into the Mite Box during Lent.—Ohio.

Ten dollars of the enclosed check was saved in the Mite Box. The \$5 represents less cigars for Lent. Send me another Mite Box.—N. Y.

I enclose a check (\$5), the savings in my Mite Box for the Maryknoll Missions. Send me another Mite Box and I shall try to fill it a little fuller.—Calif.

In a recent issue, a subscriber mentions sending \$1 a month for one year, for an intention.

The idea is so good I have taken the liberty to do likewise.—Calif.

FROM HIS GRACE, ARCHBISHOP MARCHETTI-SELVAGGIANI*President of the Vatican Mission Exposition Committee*

"It is a pleasure to feel that there is to be for the American public this record of the Vatican Mission Exposition. Among the pilgrims and travelers who during this Holy Year are making Rome their rendezvous, thousands come from over the Atlantic. Yet it is the desire of our gloriously reigning Pontiff, His Holiness Pius XI, that as many Catholics as possible learn the story of the Church's missions by means of his exhibit in the Vatican Gardens, and this desire should not be limited in effectiveness to the relatively few in North America who can afford a journey to Europe.

"This book promises to transport the Exposition from Rome to the Catholic family circles of the United States and Canada, yet not by what could have proven a seemingly endless recitation of tiring details. The author has tried to say, not all that might be said, but just what seemed to him should be said to give the lay person a readable yet instructive glimpse at Catholic missions. Rome, the Holy Year, the Vatican Mission Exposition, supply the setting.

"We wish the work every blessing as it goes forth on its career of holiness."

*(Preface to THE VATICAN MISSION EXPOSITION
by Father Considine, copyright by the Macmillan Company.)*



In Maryknoll Mission Circles

Address all communications to the Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.



LENT has come and with it a desire to do at least a little bit more for God during the holy season. Why not direct that little bit towards the missions?

A suggestion has come that Circle members give spiritual aid one day each week, or even once a month, by assisting at Mass and receiving Holy Communion, with Maryknoll and the missions for the special intention. This will be a precious gift, and the blessings that will come into your own life will be many. The Director will be glad to know of Circles making this Lenten offering, since it will mean special encouragement for all at Maryknoll.

Be sure, also, that your Circle Easter Egg is in its Maryknoll Nest before Easter morning.

Tabernacle Societies and Sewing Clubs please note: There is an urgent need on the missions and at the Home Knoll for altar cloths, sixteen feet long by twenty-seven inches wide; benediction cloths, nine and one-half feet long by twenty-five inches wide; amices, sacristy towels, and albs. We suggest that these linens be made without lace or embroidery as facilities for laundering in China are limited and plain linens are a necessity.

A call comes, too, for candlesticks (single or branch candlesticks), and these need not be new. Several of the chapels in China are in need of Mass cards and vases.

We suggest, therefore, that those who are in charge of societies in parishes communicate with

You Patricks and lovers of the great Patrick, fill the measure of his burse.

their pastors in regard to the odds and ends that are no longer needed in the parishes. Any of the articles mentioned above would be gratefully received by the Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Catechist support was gladly received from St. Mary's Circle, Cambridge.

Circle dues from Holy Souls Circle arrived at the Knoll and found a genuine welcome.

Many thanks to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Circle for dues and FIELD AFAR subscriptions!

Diocesan Directors of Mission Aid will gladly forward to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, gifts for the work at home or abroad. When requesting this service, mention Maryknoll as your beneficiary.

Proceeds of a Sale for the Missions arrived from the Notre Dame Academy, of Boston. Many thanks, Crusaders!

To the Ave Maria Circlers we are deeply grateful for the generous offering to be added to the Leper Fund.

Missioners on the field as well as at the Home Knoll were substantially remembered by the Théophane Vénard Circlers.

St. Joseph's Maryknoll Circle is mindful of the lepers, and we know that charity to these among Christ's suffering poor is always blessed.

St. Ann's Club, of Brighton, came forward with a stringless check. It was not long, however, before it was securely tied to one of Maryknoll's many monthly bills.

The Maryknoll Club of Wilkes-Barre sent assurance of fidelity and evidence of material interest in our welfare. We greatly appreciate this thoughtfulness.

From the Crusaders at Menlo Park, California, came the "gleanings" of a year, and Maryknoll owes gratitude to these staunch mission supporters for their splendid cooperation.

The "wide-awake" Circlers, of Wakefield, Massachusetts, (St. Joseph's), were busy for some weeks gathering a donation for Maryknoll's Superior. The whole "family" joins him in appreciation of their generosity.

The Junior Catholic Daughters, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, have formed a Mission Circle. Maryknoll was the beneficiary of their first efforts. We congratulate these young women and predict success for their future undertakings.

A recent entrant into Circle activities is Our Lady of the Snows Circle of Clarks Summit. These Pennsylvanians have been working with the vigor of "old-timers" and have surprised us with a substantial offering for the cause.

Greetings from St. Helena's Circle were accompanied by checks for the support of a Maryknoller in China, for FIELD AFAR subscriptions, and for other material aid. Gratitude reaching from afar will return to them in the name of Maryknoll.

The St. Francis and St. Mary's Mission Relief Society has accomplished its aim and is building a thousand dollar permanent chapel in China, to be dedicated in honor of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus. We congratulate these zealous workers and thank them for what they have done for Maryknoll.

Faithful in responding to every call, the members of St. Columba's Circle, Maryknoll Veronica Circle, St. Moses Circle, Stella Circle, Maryknoll Circle of Belleville, St. Bernard's Circle, Blessed Sacrament Circle, Mission Circle, and Mary Immaculate Circle flashed "stringless" relief at a time when it was most welcome. We return a big THANK YOU to all.

If you are anxious to become a circle member, but have not the time to attend meetings, or other conditions are unfavorable, communicate with the Circle Director at Maryknoll, who will give you full information about the Maryknoll Center Circle. Center Circle members are entitled to participate in all spiritual benefits of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Just a final "cackle" about the Easter Egg. According to your wishes, we guarantee that it will last from one to six years—even for life if you aim high.

THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1926

Purses and Burses



A Kane, of Tip-a—rarely looking for more support



AS we write, there lies before us a list of gifts received during the past month, and, although we have said our "thank you" to those who were so thoughtful of Christ's interest in foreign lands, it will not be too late to add another word of gratitude.

From twenty-four different cities, we received gifts for the Christ Child which ran to three figures—left of the decimal—and the number of smaller offerings coming from points far and wide brought with them evidences of self-denial and sacrifice.

One—a check for fourteen dollars—came from a group of blind orphan boys, who clubbed their little gifts received. May the pagan souls who are brought to see the light of faith through such gifts be in heaven the reward of these benefactors!

The month of St. Joseph finds us with one burse completed in honor of the Provider for the Holy Family. Well towards the end of the list appears a second St. Joseph Burse, but the amount is still very low. To the Patron of the Universal Church many of us owe much. What a fitting return it would be if we were to honor him this month by completing this second burse for the education of a foreign mission priest!

It is surprising to find that the burse in honor of St. Patrick is still some little distance from the "completed" goal. "Native sons"—and daughters too—have sent in, from time to time, contribu-

tions towards this burse, but there must be many children of Erin who have not yet enrolled under the patronage of their saintly father. Ireland's patron saint is honored by this provision for a student's course, and the burse-builders gain for themselves many graces and blessings.

A burse—for the benefit of the uninitiated—is a sum of money (five or six thousand dollars) which, invested, draws enough interest to provide for the board, lodging, and education of an aspirant apostle.

In the comparatively short history of Maryknoll, few burses have been given by individuals, but they have been built up for the most part through the offerings of many.

During the past month, a new burse was added to the "completed" list, and, as is usual with generous souls, the donor asked that no mention be made of his name. "Rather does it go to you 'In His Name'" were the words accompanying the gift; and under that title does this new offering provide for another student at our Seminary.

Each student beneficiary is instructed to pray for his benefactor, and, as the years go on and student after student is prepared for the missions, these prayers will be a chain, the links of which will continue down through the years.

A correspondent of national fame, a constructive genius who sees great possibilities in Catholic organizations, has turned a light on the subject of missions and makes this suggestion for one of our large fraternal organizations:

Something the organization might do with profit would be for each prosperous council to adopt an American far eastern or domestic mission; to be a sort of "big brother" to a specific mission and see to it that the missioner got what he needed. It is astonishing how little money would be involved, and, I am sure, the personal friendship of a group of solid American men back home whose names he knew would be of extraordinary help to the missioner.

MEMBERSHIP IN THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

[This membership carries with it privileges that include, among other spiritual advantages, four thousand Masses offered, each year, by Maryknollers, especially for the holders.]

The following Perpetual Memberships were recorded during the past month:

For the Living	22
For the Departed	14

NEW PERPETUAL MEMBERS

Living: Priest friends, 2; D. McC.; Mrs. M. H.; J. P. L.; Mr. and Mrs. M. F.; J. R. K.; Mr. and Mrs. S. D.; T. B. J. W.; T. D. K.; K. S.; H. G.; A. M. F.; M. F. Y.; Mrs. J. H. G.; M. F. C.; A. O. and relatives; Mrs. M. S. and relatives; G. Q. and relatives; Mrs. B. B.; E. R.; Mrs. D. B. C.

Deceased: Mary Tom; Elizabeth Wainwright; Charles Bull; Patrick and Frances Roche; Daniel and Margaret Collins; Mrs. Mary A. McCabe; Josephine Keating; Mrs. Margaret Griffin; Frederick Griffin; John Griffin; Owen Griffin; Terence McGrath; John Ross; William F. Devlin.

Please remember in your prayers these friends of Maryknoll: Mother Mary Ignatius; Mrs. Nellie F. Hallinan; Mary D. Mccluskey; Susan McInerney; Patrick Hamill; Henry Menge; Mrs. Clementine Goetz; Thomas Kwiatowski; Nellie J. Mahoney; Belle V. Metcalf; Mrs. Mary Proudfoot; Mary C. Carey; J. J. Sullivan; Mrs. Patrick Conlan; Mrs. Mary Anne Powers; Charles Fagan; Peter J. Murphy; Patrick Gaule; Mrs. Henry C. Smith; Joseph Curley; Agnes Joyce; W. H. Kilfoile; David Whyte; Kate A. Condon; Matthew Coyne; Thomas Jordan; Mrs. Hannah Ryan; J. H. McGuire; John J. McCarthy; Henry J. Belleville; Mr. and Mrs. James Ryder; Annie L. Sutton; Mrs. Jennie Vaughan; Frances Gertrude Langford; Thomas J. Clynes; Mr. Harrington; Joseph P. Mitchell; John Golden; Stephen Rehm; Mrs. Mary Koebel; Margaret E. Flanagan; Mrs. J. A. Langwith; Joseph F. Nixon; Mrs. Agnes Blanchet; Mrs. Katherine E. Touhey; Dr. John T. Bottomley.

We ask the prayers of our readers for the soul of Mrs. Mary Walsh, of Cumberland, Maryland, the mother of the V. Rev. Msgr. James E. Walsh, Prefect Apostolic of Kongmoon.

At the same time, we record the death of Cornelius McShane, father of the Rev. Daniel L. McShane, superior of the Maryknoll mission at Loting. *Requiescant!*

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GOOD READING FOR LENT

What will you do with your "movie" and dance time?

Why not give a little of it to good reading? You will be repaid with worth-while pleasure and solid spiritual profit. And you will share in the good work of foreign missions by the sum, however small, that you spend for mission literature.

Maryknoll Books are always unusual values. They are well made, illustrated, and substantially bound in cloth. But to spread mission interest more widely, we offer during Lent the following special prices:

OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT and any ONE	\$1.00	BOOK	for	\$3.00
OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT and any TWO	1.00	BOOKS	for	3.50
OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT and any THREE	1.00	BOOKS	for	4.25
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OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT and any FIVE	1.00	BOOKS	for	5.75
OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT and any SIX	1.00	BOOKS	for	6.50
Any THREE \$1.00 BOOKS			for	2.50
All SIX \$1.00 BOOKS			for	5.00

These offers hold good until March 30 only

Two Vincentian Martyrs

Bl. Clet and Bl. Perboyre, martyred in China in 1820 and 1840.

Day and night he was ready to go wherever his ministry called him, and counted as nothing fatigues, labors, or journeys when there was a question of the salvation of souls. . . . Jean Gabriel's reputation for sanctity was already great but after his glorious martyrdom it increased still more.—*Process of Beatification of Bl. Perboyre.*

182 pages, 16 illustrations.
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Father Price

A brief sketch, compiled from the letters of his friends.

. . . A triumphant song recounting the exalted virtue of a missionary wholly buried in the great cause to which his life was consecrated. The reader profits from electric contact with a soul that dwelt in close communion with the center of all holiness. It is a book that is really worthwhile.

—*Catholic Transcript.*

91 pages, 9 illustrations. Map.
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The Martyr of Futuna

Bl. Peter Chanel, S. M., martyred in Oceania in 1839.

There are exquisite human touches, and nowhere is there any straining of the note. One cannot peruse these interesting pages without being moved to add this simple martyr to one's own litany of the saints, so convincing, so appealing, is his sanctity.

—*The Ave Maria.*

210 pages, 16 illustrations.
Green cloth, stamped in gold.

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Observations in the Orient

An account of Catholic Missions in the Far East, chiefly in China and Japan. By the V. Rev. James A. Walsh, M. A.

As a diary, it is literary and delightful; as an appreciation of conditions in the Orient, it is keen and to the point; and as a plea for the foreign missions, it is shot through with intensity of love for the cause of Christ among the Orientals.

—*Ave Maria.*

320 pages of text and 80 pages of illustrations. Red cloth, stamped with an attractive design in gold and black.
Regular price, \$2.50. With any \$1.00 book during Lent, \$3.00

For the Faith

Just de Bretenieres, of the Paris Foreign Missions, martyred in Korea in 1866.

This book is charming, so charming that, once opened, it is a sacrifice to the reader to put it down until every page has been read. Just, the martyr-hero of the story, was an attractive boy before he became the earnest, self-sacrificing priest and zealous missioner.

—*Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.*

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A Modern Martyr

Bl. Théophane Vénard of the Paris Foreign Missions, beheaded in Tongking in 1861.

The story is one of great beauty and pathos. It gains in interest from the fact that it is largely made up of Théophane's own letters. Priest and layman, old and young, will find in it much to uplift the mind and delight the heart.

—*Cath. Univ. Bulletin.*

241 pages, 15 illustrations.
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An American Missionary

The adventures and labors of Rev. William Judge, S. J., in Alaska.

A book of this kind will prove a most effective pleader for the cause of foreign missions. It tells of a Jesuit of to-day, full of the spirit of St. Francis Xavier, gladly giving up his life as a sacrifice for souls in far-away Alaska.

—*The Catholic World.*

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THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1926

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The usual burse is five thousand dollars. If the student's personal needs are included, the amount is six thousand. We will welcome additions to five thousand dollar burses.

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

A new burse may be entered on the list when it has reached \$100.

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†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to the donor.

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(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith)..... \$ 25.00

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(Through Home and Foreign Mission Soc.)

(Masses)

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(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith)..... 895.10 (also Masses)

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(Through Catholic Missionary Union)

5.00

Columbus—

(Diocesan Home and Foreign Mission Soc.)

8.00

Newark—

(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith)..... 77.00

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(Masses)

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(Through Catholic Mission Aid Soc.)

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(Through Soc. for Prop. Faith)..... 460.00

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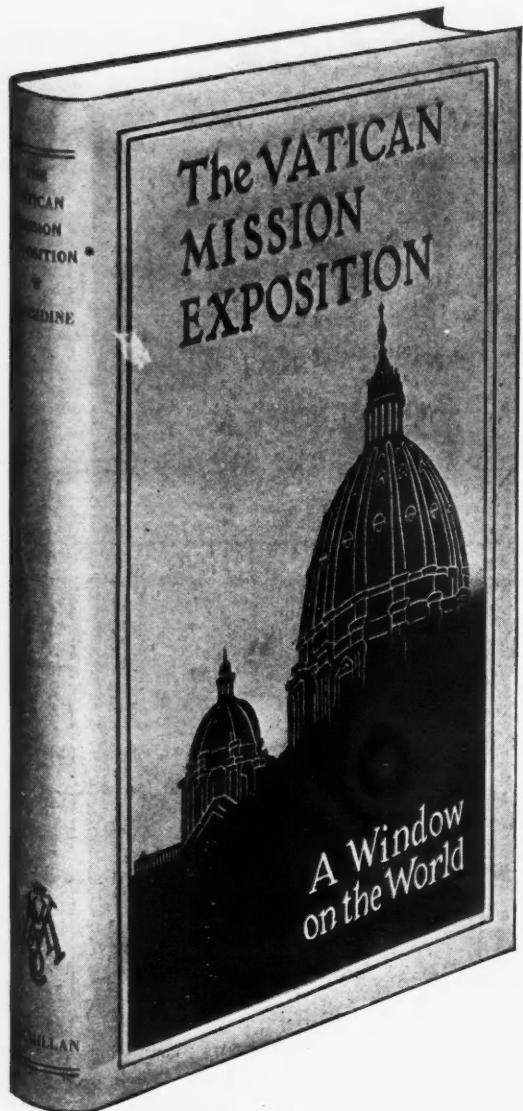
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